

# The Younger Set

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"Phil," she wrote, "I am a little frightened. Do you suppose Boots suspected who it was? I must have been perfectly mad to go to your rooms that night, and we both were—to leave the door unlocked with the chance of somebody walking in. But, Phil, how could I know it was the fashion for your friends to bang like that and then come in without the excuse of a response from you?"

"I have been so worried, so anxious, hoping from day to day that you would write to reassure me that Boots did not recognize me with my back turned to him and my muff across my eyes."

"But scared and humiliated as I am I realize that it was well that he knocked. Even as I write to you here in my own room, behind locked doors, I am burning with the shame of it."

"But I am not that kind of woman, Phil. Truly, truly I am not. When the foolish impulse seized me I had no clear idea of what I wanted except to see you and learn for myself what you thought about Gerald's playing at my house after I had promised not to let him."

"Of course I understood what I risked in going. I realized what common interpretation might be put upon what I was doing. But, ugly as it might appear to anybody except you, my motive, you see, must have been quite innocent, else I should have gone about it in a very different manner."

"I wanted to see you; that is absolutely all. I was lonely for a word, even a harsh one, from the sort of man you are. I wanted you to believe it was in spite of me that Gerald came and played that night."

"He came without my knowledge. I did not know he was invited. And when he appeared I did everything to prevent him from playing. You will never know what took place, what I submitted to."

"I am trying to be truthful, Phil. I want to lay my heart bare for you, but there are things a woman cannot wholly confess. Believe me, I did what I could."

"I remember what you said about an anchorage. I am trying to clear these haunted eyes of mine and steer clear of phantoms for the honor of what we once were to each other before the world. But steering a ghost ship through endless tempests is hard labor, Phil, so be a little kind, a little more than patient, if my hand grows tired at the wheel."

"What do you think of me? Asking you shows how much I care. Dread of your opinion has turned me coward until this last page. What do you think of me? I am perfectly miserable about Boots, but that is partly fright, though I know I am safe enough with such a man. But what sets my cheeks blazing so that I cannot bear to face my own eyes in the mirror is the fear of what you must think of me in the still, secret places of that heart of yours, which I never, never understood."

"It was a week before he sent his reply, although he wrote many answers, each in turn revised, corrected, copied and recopied, only to be destroyed in the end. But at last he forced himself to meet truth with truth, cutting what crudity he could from his letter: 'You ask me what I think of you, but that question should properly come from me. What do you think of a man who exhorts and warns a woman to stand fast and then stands dumb at the first impact of temptation?'

"If words of commendation, of courage, of kindly counsel, are needed by anybody in this world, I am not the man to utter them. What a hypocrite must I seem to you—I who sat there beside you preaching platitudes in strong self complacency, instructing you how morally edifying it is to be good and unhappy?'

"Then what happened? I don't know exactly. But I'm trying to be honest, and I'll tell you what I think happened."

"You are—you; I am—I, and we are still those same two people who understood neither the impulse that once swept us together nor the forces that tore us apart! Ah, more than that, we never understood each other! And we do not now."

"But one thing we do know, not through reason, but through sheer instinct—we cannot venture to meet again—that way, for I, it seems, am a man like other men, except that I lack character, and you are—you, still unchanged, with all the mystery of attraction, all the magic force of vitality, all the esoteric subtlety with which you enveloped me the first moment my eyes met yours."

"There was no more reason for it then than there is now, and, as you admit, it was not love, though, as you also admit, there were moments approaching it. But nothing can have real beginning without a basis of reason, and so, whatever it was, it vanished. This perhaps is only the infernal afterglow."

"So now I end where I began—with that question which answers yours without the faintest suspicion of reproach. What can you think of such a man as I am? And in the presence of my second failure your answer must be that you now think what you

once thought of him when you first realized that he had failed you."

"PHILIP SELWYN."

That very night brought him her reply: "Phil, dear, I do not blame you for one instant. Why do you say you ever failed in anything? It was entirely my fault. But I am so happy that you wrote as you did, taking all the blame, which is like you. I can look into my mirror now—for a moment or two."

"It is brave of you to be so frank about what you think came over us. I can discuss nothing, admit nothing, but you always did reason more clearly than I. Still, whatever spell it was that menaced us I know very well could not have threatened you seriously. I know it because you reason about it so logically."

"By the way, I saw Mrs. Gerard's pretty ward at the theater last night—Miss Erroll. She certainly is stunning."

Selwyn flattened out the letter and deliberately tore out the last paragraph. Then he set it aside with a match.

"At least," he said, with an ugly look, "I can keep her out of this." And he dropped the brittle blackened paper and set his heel on it. Then he resumed his perusal of the mutilated letter, reread it and finally destroyed it.

"Alixe," he wrote in reply, "we had better stop this letter writing before somebody stops us. Anybody desiring to make mischief might very easily misinterpret what we are doing. I of course could not close the correspondence, so I ask you to do so without any fear that you will fail to understand why I ask it. Will you?"

To which she replied: "Yes, Phil. Goodbye. ALIXE." A box of roses left her his debtor. She was too intelligent to acknowledge them. Besides, matters were going better with her.

And that was all for awhile.

## Chapter 10

ENT had gone and with it the last soiled snow of winter. "Spring, with that nameless fragrance in the air Which breathes of all things fair."

sang a young girl riding in the park. And she smiled to herself as she guided her mare through the flowering labyrinths.

Behind her, powerfully mounted, ambled the belted groom. She was riding alone in the golden weather because her good friend Selwyn was very busy in his office downtown, and Gerald, who now rode with her occasionally, was nowhere else to ride with; and the horses were to be sent to Silverside soon, and she wanted to use them as much as possible while the park was at its loveliest.

It was near Eighty-sixth street that a girl splendidly mounted saluted her and, wheeling, joined her, a blond, cool skinned, rosy tinted, smoothly groomed girl, almost too perfectly seated, almost too flawless and supple in the perfect symmetry of face and figure.

"Upon my word," she said gayly, "you are certainly spring incarnate, Miss Erroll, the living embodiment of all this!" She swung her riding crop in a circle and laughed, showing her perfect teeth. "But where is that faithful attendant cavalier of yours this morning? Is he so grossly material that he prefers Wall street, as does my good lord and master?"

"Do you mean Gerald," asked Eileen innocently, "or Captain Selwyn?" "Oh, either," returned Rosamund airily. "A girl should have something masculine to talk to on a morning like this. You are continuing to astonish the town, I hear."

"What do you mean, Mrs. Fane?" "Why, first it was Sudbury, then Draymore, and now everybody says that Boots!"

"Boots!" repeated Miss Erroll blankly, then laughed deliciously. "Poor, poor Boots! Did they say that about him? Oh, it really is too bad, Mrs. Fane. It is certainly horribly impertinent of people to say such things. My only consolation is that Boots won't care, and if he doesn't why should I?"

Rosamund nodded, crossing her crop. For awhile as they rode she was characteristically amusing, sailing blandly over the shoals of scandal, though Eileen never suspected it—wittily gay at her own expense as well as at others, flitting airily from topic to topic on the wings of a self assurance that becomes some women if they know when to stop. But presently the mischievous perversity in her bubbled up again. She was tired of being good. She had often meant to try the effect of a gentle shock on Miss Erroll, and, besides, she wondered just how much truth there might be in the unpleasantly persistent rum-

or that he had failed you."

"Whose reconciliation?" asked Miss Erroll innocently. "Why, Alixe Ruthven and Captain Selwyn. Everybody is discussing it, you know."

"Reconciled?" I don't understand," said Eileen, astonished. "They can't be. How can?"

"But it would be amusing, wouldn't it? And she could very easily get rid of Jack Ruthven. Any woman could. So if they really mean to marry—"

The girl stared, breathless, astounded, bolt upright in her saddle.

"Oh," she protested, while the hot blood mantled throat and cheek, "it is wickedly untrue! How could such a thing be true, Mrs. Fane? It is—is so senseless!"

Miserably uncomfortable, utterly unable to comprehend, the girl rode on in silence, her ears ringing with Rosamund's words. And Rosamund, riding beside her, cool, blond and cynically amused, continued the theme with admirable pretense of indifference.

"It's a pity that ill natured people are forever discussing them, and it makes me indignant, because I've always been very fond of Alixe Ruthven, and I am positive that she does not correspond with Captain Selwyn. A girl in her position would be crazy to invite suspicion by doing the things they say she is doing."

"Don't, Mrs. Fane, please don't!" stammered Eileen. "I—I really can't listen! I simply will not! If you knew him as I do, Mrs. Fane, you would never, never have spoken as you have!"

Mrs. Fane relished neither the naive rebuke nor the intimation that her own acquaintance with Selwyn was so limited, and least of all did she relish the implied intimacy between this red haired young girl and Captain Selwyn.

"Dear Miss Erroll," she said blandly, "I spoke as I did only to assure you that I also disregard such malicious gossip."

"But if you disregard it, Mrs. Fane, why do you repeat it?" "Merely to emphasize to you my disbelief in it, child," returned Rosamund. "Do you understand?"

"Yes. Thank you. Yet I should never have heard of it at all if you had not told me."

Rosamund's color rose one degree. "It is better to hear such things from a friend, is it not?"

"I didn't know that one's friends said such things, but perhaps it is better that way, as you say, only I cannot understand the necessity of my knowing—of my hearing—because it is Captain Selwyn's affair, after all."

"And that," said Rosamund deliberately, "is why I told you."

"Told me? Oh, because he and I are such close friends?"

"Yes. Such very close friends that I—I—she laughed—"I am informed that your interests are soon to be identical."

The girl swung round, self possessed, but dreadfully pale.

"If you believed that," she said, "it was vile of you to say what you said, Mrs. Fane."

"But I did not believe it, child!" stammered Rosamund, several degrees redder than became her and now convinced that it was true. "I never dreamed of offending you, Miss Erroll."

"Do you suppose I am too ignorant to take offense?" said the girl unsteadily. "I told you very plainly that I did not understand the matters you chose for discussion, but I do understand impertinence when I am driven to it."

"I am very, very sorry, that you believe I meant it that way," said Rosamund, biting her lips.

"What did you mean? You are older than I; you are certainly experienced besides, you are married. If you can give it a gentler name than insolence I would be glad—for your sake, Mrs. Fane."



A girl splendidly mounted saluted her. Fane. I only know that you have spoiled my ride, spoiled the day for me, hurt me, humiliated me and awakened not curiosity, not suspicion, but the horror of it, in me."

Her voice became unsteady again, and her mouth curved, but she held her head high, and her eyes were as fearlessly direct as a child's.

"And now," she said calmly, "you know where I stand and what I will not stand."

If Rosamund had anything left to say or any breath to say it there were no indications of it. Never in her dip-lomat existence had she been so absolutely flattened by any woman. As for this recent graduate from fudge and olives, she could scarcely realize how utterly and finally she had been silenced by her. Incredulity, exasperation, amazement, had succeeded each other while Miss Erroll was speaking; chagrin, shame, helplessness, followed as bitter residue, but in the end the very incongruity of the situation came to her aid.

"I'm certainly a little beast," she said impulsively. "but I really do like you. Will you forgive me?"

No genuine appeal to the young girl's

generosity had ever been in vain. She forgave almost as easily as she breathed. Even now in the flush of just resentment it was not hard for her to forgive. She hesitated only in order to adjust matters in her own mind.

Mrs. Fane swung her horse and held out her right hand:

"Is it peace, Miss Erroll? I'm really ashamed of myself. Won't you forgive me?"

"Yes," said the young girl, laying her gloved hand on Rosamund's very lightly. "I've often thought," she added naively, "that I could like you, Mrs. Fane, if you would only give me a chance."

"I'll try, you blessed innocent. You've torn me into rags and tatters, and you did it adorably. What I said was idle, half witted, gossiping nonsense. So forget every atom of it as soon as you can, my dear, and let me prove that I'm not an utter idiot if I can."

"That will be delightful," said Eileen, with a demure smile, and Rosamund laughed, too, with full hearted laughter, for trouble sat very lightly on her perfect shoulders in the noontide of her



Ruthven.

strength and youth. Sin and repentance were rapid matters with Rosamund; cause, effect and remorse a quick sequence to be quickly reckoned up, checked off and canceled and the next blank page turned over to be ruled and filled with the next impeachment. There was in her more of mischief than of real malice and unfeigned liking and respect for the turning worm.

"And, my dear," she said, concluding the account of the adventure to Mrs. Ruthven that afternoon at Sher-ry's, "I've never been so roundly abused and so soundly trounced in my life as I was this blessed morning by that red headed novice. Oh, my! Oh, la! I could have screamed with laughter at my own undoing."

"It's what you deserved," said Alixe, intensely annoyed, although Rosamund had not told her all that she had so kindly and gratuitously denied concerning her relations with Selwyn. "It was sheer effrontery of you, Rosamund, to put such notions into the head of a child and stir her up into taking a fictitious interest in Philip Selwyn which I know—which is perfectly plain to me, to anybody—never existed."

"Of course it existed," retorted Rosamund, delighted now to worry Alixe. "She didn't know it; that is all. It really was simple charity to wake her up. It's a good match, too, and so obviously and naturally inevitable that there's no harm in playing prophesies. There is the youthful brother of our red haired novice now. He sees us and he's coming to inflict himself with another moon faced creature. Shall we bolt?"

Alixe turned and stared at Gerald, who came up boyishly red and impetuous. "How d'ye do, Mrs. Ruthven? Did you get my note? How d'ye do, Mrs. Fane? Awfully jolly to collide this way. Would you mind if—"

"You," interrupted Rosamund, "ought to be downtown unless you've concluded to retire and let Wall street go to smash. What are you pretending to do in Sherry's at this hour, you very dreadful infant?"

"I've been lunching with Mr. Neergard, and would you mind?"

"Yes, I would," began Rosamund promptly. But Alixe interrupted. "Bring him over, Gerald." And as the boy thanked her and turned back: "I've a word to administer to that boy, Rosamund, so attack the Neergard creature with moderation, please. You owe me that at least. Here he is now, and don't be impossible and frighten him, Rosamund."

The presentation of Neergard was accomplished without disaster to anybody. On his thin nose the dew glistened, and his thick, fat hands were hot. But Rosamund was too bored to be rude to him, and Alixe turned immediately to Gerald:

"Yes, I did get your note, but I am not at home on Tuesday. Can't you come—Wait a moment. What are you doing this afternoon?"

"Why, I'm going back to the office with Mr. Neergard."

"Nonsense! Oh, Mr. Neergard, would you mind—very sweetly—if Mr. Erroll did not go to the office this afternoon?"

Neergard looked at her—almost a fixed and uncomfortable smirk on his round, red face. "Not at all, Mrs. Ruthven, if you have anything better for him?"

"I have—an allopathic dose of it. Thank you, Mr. Neergard. Rosamund, we ought to start, you know. Gerald!" with quiet significance. "Goodbye, Mr. Neergard. Please do not buy up the rest of Long Island, because we need a new kitchen garden very badly."

(To be continued.)

## DUSTING MADE EASY.

A New Brush For Cleaning the Radiator Pipes.

Brushes, as every good housewife knows, are an important part of the household care and the household economies. There must always be a sufficient supply of brushes on hand, and these must always be kept in good condition.

One of the newest and best inventions in the brush line is now on the market and is called a radiator brush. To the housewife who has tried to remove the surplus accumulation of dust from between the pipes of a steam radiator this brush will particularly appeal. The handle is long, and the brush part is narrow, allowing easy access to the dirt covered parts.

A new sink and window cleaner is a useful thing to possess. It is made with a brush on one side and a narrow strip of rubber on the other, which serves as a drier.

A good article to have near the sink resembles a small dustpan, and attached to it is a brush which is invaluable in cleaning the sink.

An imported brush for the cleansing of the sink has just arrived on the market and owing to its usefulness and cheapness bids fair to be the most popular of sink cleansers.

A new idea is being shown in the way of a furniture brush, the bristles being graduated in size, the center ones being the longest, which permits the user to remove the dust from the crevices and buttons of the furniture.

Feather dusters are as old as dust cloths, but are still considered by some persons as the most essential of dirt exterminators. New ideas are being worked into the manufacture of these dusters all the time. One of the many good points in their favor is the detachable handle.

Cuspidor brushes are a great boon to those whose lot it is to keep them in order. The brush part is about three inches square and made of the same bristly stuff as a scrubbing brush. The handle is long enough to reach the bottom of the deepest cuspidor.

The sanitary brush is one of the greatest of household conveniences. The handle is very long, being made of wire, and the bristles entirely cover one end of the brush. No bathroom should be without one of these brushes.

When one has in the kitchen a small plate cleaner the greasy pans and kettles are a minor consideration. The article mentioned has a small half circular piece of rubber which is held in place by a wire or heavy tin handle. After this is drawn over the dishes a few times all the surplus grease is removed.

## A COMPLEXION HINT.

Simple Toilet Preparation That Can Be Made at Home.

The following face wash, now in almost universal use among Parisian women (and their matchless complexions attest its efficacy), will restore clearness of skin and delicacy of tint to the plainest of complexions if applied daily:

Obtain at your drug store rosewater, two ounces; cologne spirits, one ounce; eppotone (skin food), four ounces. Put the eppotone in a pint of hot water (not boiling) and when dissolved strain and let cool. Then add the rosewater and cologne spirits.

It is quite an easy matter to mix the ingredients according to above directions, and it can best be done at home. It costs little and accomplishes such a decided improvement on the skin that it should be a requisite on every lady's dressing table. If this wash is used the plainest complexion will take an immediate and decided change for the better, and the powder puff and rouge jar can be relegated to the closet.

Every woman who would like to have a pretty complexion (and unless feminine nature has changed mightily this may safely be said to include all daughters of Eve) cannot do better than give this preparation a trial. It is perfectly harmless, even to the most delicate skin.

## Of Interest to Women.

Mrs. Philip Snowden of London, one of the most celebrated of English suffragists, will be a speaker at the national convention of woman suffragists to be held in Buffalo Oct. 15 to 21. Mrs. Snowden's husband is a member of parliament, and she will bring to her American colleagues the true story of the suffragette movement in Great Britain.

## HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

Practice deep breathing. A person with fully developed lung capacity purifies his blood several times per minute.

A cup of cold water before retiring and a cup of hot water in the morning before breakfast work like magic as a cure for indigestion.

Almond meal is preferred by some women to soap and acts as a pleasing alternate to soap at any time. This softens, cleanses and whitens the skin.

The most easily digested foods which contain the greatest amount of nourishment and are free from acids and starches are those best adapted to the child's needs.

Rubber gloves to wear when washing china and old kid gloves when dusting are an inestimable boon to housekeepers, for nothing so ruins the skin as coarse soaps, soda and dust.

To soften and perfume the bathing water mix together four ounces of alcohol, one-half ounce of ammonia and one dram of oil of lavender. A few drops of this mixture will be sufficient for a bowlful of water.

## Young Folks

### A NEW PAIR OF EYES.

Startling Effect Produced With Shell of a Walnut.

Take two half shells of an English walnut, large enough to cover your eyes completely, and in the middle of each bore a hole a little larger than the pupil of your eye. Use a penknife for the work. Then clean the inside of the shells thoroughly and paint the shells with a coat of white water paint. Around the pupil hole paint the iris a dull green, leaving a small space of white on the upper left hand side, like the picture.

In arranging them for painting lay them on the table in position with the pointed end toward each other and



HOW TO PAINT SHELLS AND THE EFFECT.

the white spots on the iris in the same position on both shells. Finally, with bright red, paint a border all around the edge of the imitation eyes. These eyes are easily fitted over your own eyes by opening your eyes wide and drawing up your brows to their fullest height.

Strange will be the effect. In fact, it is such a startling sight that it is best not to go into a room without some intimation of your intention of showing a new "eye dear."

### EYES OF THE SAVAGE.

His Keen Sight Due to Knowing What to Look For.

The scientists are always delving into the mysteries of nature, many times on lines that the average man never thinks of. Here, for example, is that question of the keen eyesight of the savage. We have all heard how much keener his eyes are than those of civilized men, and we have accepted the statement as a fact without stopping to think how and why it is true. But a party of scientists from Cambridge, England, who have been on an anthropological expedition to the Torres strait, tell us as a result of their investigations that the keen sight of the native is due to his knowing what to look for. They found that members of their party could see and distinguish objects as far as the natives could after they had become familiar with the surroundings. A queer illustration of this principle is given in the western Indian's power to distinguish the sex of a deer at a distance so great that the antlers cannot be seen. It is not only sight that gives the Indian that power, but his knowledge of the peculiar gait of the male deer.

### Tree Riddles.

What tree is an emblem of sorrow? Willow.

What tree is like a personal pronoun? Yew.

What tree is found in churches? Elder.

What tree do we offer at meeting and parting? Palm.

What tree is like one of the ten plagues? Locust.

What tree will protect you from cold? Fir.

What tree is given a naughty boy on the ear? Box.

What tree is used in history? Date.

What tree is used by an absent lover? Pine.

What tree is in two parts? Pear.

What tree reminds us of the Atlantic? Beech.

What tree is used to protect us from snow? Rubber.

What tree is used by lovers? Tulip.

What tree is used by architects? Plum.

What tree describes pretty girls? Peach.

### Elephants and White Ants.

Some American engineers, in constructing a power transmission line in India, had several things to consider and avoid that had never confronted them before perhaps. The line, which was nearly a hundred miles in length, was carried on tall poles through the jungle, and in constructing it the ravages of white ants and the playful pranks of wild elephants had to be provided against. That sounds amusing, but the engineers found it a serious problem. The ants attacked the first poles set and fairly riddled them, and the elephants reached up with their trunks and tore down the wires. So iron sockets seven feet in height were used to set the poles in, which circumvented the ants, and after a careful measurement of the highest reach of an elephant's trunk the poles were made tall enough to keep the wires out of the way.

### Planting—A Game.

This is a game in which each player in order tells what he has planted and what came up. The articles planted may be persons or objects of any kind, but they may come up as plants or trees, having some punning connection with the thing planted. Thus one player may say, "I planted Shakespeare and sweet william came up." Another, "I planted a pack of cards and whistaria came up."